

The Herald and News.

VOL XLVII NO. 86

NEWBERRY, S. C. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1909

TWICE A WEEK. \$1.50 A YEAR

THE IDLER.

Somebody has sent The Idler a copy of a part of a Spartanburg paper—I think it is the Spartanburg Herald. There were two pieces marked. One of them is headed, "Playground." The other is as follows: "The Playground." How would that sound, with some honored citizen's name in the blank, through all the coming years? Just what I have been trying to suggest to some of our people who have means, but I can't get a noise of any kind that would sound like that. A playground and a park are about the same thing. The purpose is the same. What a great blessing one would be to Newberry and no town the size of Newberry has the natural advantages that we have for making a most beautiful park. Well, it will come some time and the words I am wasting now will bear fruit in the coming years and some one will give the park or start the movement, even after I am gone and forgotten. So it comes, I don't care anything about the credit. The people who really do things don't get the credit for the doing.

The article in this Spartanburg paper says: "Thickening density of population steadily brings new conditions to which timely readjustments must be made, if we would escape severe penalties hereafter." Now that sounds good, doesn't it? I wish I could write like that and maybe I could arouse our people to the importance of getting busy in the building of a park as I have suggested. I mean, maybe I could get some one to make a noise like starting the ball rolling. No town has superior natural advantages. The north fork of Scott's creek from the railroad to Glenn street would make an ideal park. Listen again to this Spartanburg editor, I suppose it is the editor: "Gifts of playgrounds to the city, dedicated forever to the childhood of our community and named after the donors would be a fine expression of civic spirit, for instance. In any case, however, it is a matter to be thinking about."

Yes, something to be thinking about. That is good. Anything to keep us thinking, or to put us to thinking. I mean the people. As for me, I am thinking all the time. Sometimes thinking about where I will get money enough to buy bread and sometimes thinking about the clothes I will wear during the winter, or rather where I will get any at all, and sometimes and mostly thinking about the improvement and beautifying of this good old town of Newberry and how I can best get the people aroused to the importance of doing things as they ought to be done. Well, anything to get the people to think. That is what makes life and what distinguishes man from the brute. The power to think, but what good is the faculty if it is not exercised. You remember the talent's spoken of in the Good Book. The man who buried his for fear he would lose it—what became of him? Now, you people who have talents, you would better put them to use and not bury them in some old bank vault. What good will they do in there.

I read in some paper the other day where some citizen of one of the progressive towns of this State had sued the town for injuries received from falling in a hole in a sidewalk, and that he had gotten a verdict for several thousand dollars, and that the town had carried the case to the supreme court and the supreme court had sustained the verdict of the lower court, and the town will have to pay up. I simply mention this as a warning to the city council of Newberry, and would suggest that the city attorney look up this case and call it to the special attention of city council. Not that there are any holes in the sidewalks on any of the streets of Newberry—oh, no, not that—but you know these are valuable things to have—I don't mean the holes—I mean this is valuable information to have around the official family circle

so as to prevent accidents. I think it was some wise guy who said an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Did you see what Tim Murphy said in a speech which he made in New York the other day. Well, I mean during the time they had the race on up there for mayor. You know, Tim, of course you do. Well, some of those yellow journals made Tim mad and he proceeded to give vigorous expression to his feelings, and it was strong, and it might have been Hearst's paper he was talking about. Anyhow, that does not matter for my purpose. Tim is a big, broad-shouldered Irishman who is a senator, and who has risen from the bottom by dint of his own efforts, and Tim has ability, too, and you need not forget that. You know, when an Irishman has ability he is a strong man and he never fails to be out-spoken. Well, Tim, in the course of his remarks made this wholesome utterance: "I am going to pay my attention to a man who is trying to do two things that are impossible at the same time—run a newspaper and run for office." I thought this might have a local application and if the editor didn't blue pencil it that it might carry a good lesson. There may be some people who can run a newspaper and run for office at the same time, but those who are successful at either, when trying to do both, are rare birds. The man who runs a newspaper like one ought to be run can never hope to be successful as a politician, and it takes a politician to win office. The people have about abandoned the old idea of electing statesmen to office. In fact the man who tries to be a statesman, even, is generally a statesman out of a job. What do the people want with a man who does not agree with them and who has ideas of his own and who is willing to express them? The successful candidate is the one who has a nose for the popular scent and who has the wisdom to follow it and at the same time make the people believe he is leading them and in the way they want to go, or think they do. But this is none of my business, as I am neither a statesman out of a job, nor a politician hunting a job, but I just can't help telling the truth sometimes.

They say that the report has been started that the White House is infested with mice in the hope that it may not be infested with the suffragettes. That may keep them away but I doubt it very seriously. It will take more than a few mice to scare a real woman suffrage advocate. Why is it anyway that women are so afraid of mice. Or is it really true that they are afraid of mice. To tell the truth I am not fond of mice myself.

Did you ever see such a quiet campaign in this city. You would not imagine that so great a prize as the mayoralty of the city of Newberry was the prize ahead, to judge by the stillness of the political atmosphere. And yet it is true. Well, I am glad it is that way, and I hope the people will just walk up to the polls and register their preference in that same quiet and dignified manner. There is no necessity for any great big fuss over the matter or for any one to get excited. And no one should get mad with any one else. I see from the papers that there is to be a mass meeting at which the candidates will be expected to address the voters. I would like to be at that meeting but I guess I can't get there as I am opposed to going out of nights. In fact, it doesn't agree with me. I want to advise, however, that the meeting be a quiet and dignified one and that every candidate who wants to speak be given a patient and dignified hearing.

Mr. Idler:—Some months ago, there was a lot of discussion in the magazines and reviews about a proposed law to be passed in England to run the clock forward one hour and it was argued that by so doing, everybody would go to their work at their accustomed "hour" and they would thereby gain one hour's work in each day. The proposition was not successful, but it seems that it has

been adopted in a modified degree in Newberry with our City clock.

We have a clock that keeps excellent time and seems to be perfectly regulated, for I have noticed for the past three or four months it has been just exactly four minutes slow, which shows that if it were properly set, it would keep correct time. Last week, it suddenly changed and now it is running about eight minutes fast, and I notice this morning that the Graded school bell has adapted itself to this time. This undoubtedly causes embarrassment and useless trouble to many mothers in town in getting their children off to school nearly ten minutes earlier these late mornings, and besides it causes trouble and inconvenience with the business man who usually has a watch that keeps the correct time, and he is thereby forced, in making or keeping engagements, to guess whether he shall act by the correct time or by the city time.

This could be easily remedied by asking Mr. Strickland at the Telegraph office the correct time, setting the clock by that time and then we would all know "where we are at."

If nobody else will attend to it, I would suggest, Mr. Idler, that you look after it yourself for you tell us that you have nothing to do and I am satisfied that your time would be occupied in a good cause, if you would look after it.

Tempus.

Now, that is very nice and I feel highly complimented for to be a gentleman of leisure, whose only business is to look after the comfort and happiness and welfare of the people of the community, is a distinction a citizen less important than I am might be proud of. Of course I will have this bell or clock matter attended to at once. It is too bad to have our people going too fast and it was equally as bad to have them moving too slow. It is just as easy to have the right time and the town clock ought to be the standard, but you know bigger towns than Newberry have had trouble regulating their town clocks. Columbia, for instance. Now, Mr. Mayor, can't you have this town clock adjust itself and get the correct time every day at noon? Suppose you try it. I want to report on it Friday. Do it now.

How would it do for Uncle Briggs to get an opinion as to whether or not the old court house could be sold. The more I think about his suggestion the more I am getting around to his idea. Almost anything will be better than what we have now. The town could buy it and put up a park all around it. Of course, the price would not be large. I would be opposed to selling it to individuals or private parties. It would take considerable money to put it in condition for a library or rest room, but once repaired it would be an excellent place for rest rooms and for public meetings. We have some sort of library association in the town now, so I am informed, and if this building were secured, it would be enlarged and the usefulness of the association would be enlarged. There would have to be strict rules adopted for the management and they would have to be enforced and the city would have to provide a keeper or librarian and a janitress. It is a suggestion worth thinking about and I would be glad to have suggestions from our citizens.

Now, take hold of this. Don't do like you did in the movement for a Y. M. C. A. Talk and meet and talk and meet again, but do nothing. It is time now to do something. Why can't Newberry do something. Do something for the general welfare. I suggested once before that you write the word now backwards and see what you get. I want to ask all the teachers of the county to have all the pupils go to the blackboard once a week and write now and then use the same letters reversed. One of the great faults of our Southern people is procrastination. That is a bigger word than I am in the habit of using, and if you don't know what it

means get your dictionary. We seem to have adopted the motto "Never do to-day what you can put off until tomorrow." We are never just ready. Do it now.

I hear the street carnival is to be here. I told city council that we did not need a carnival but my advice was not heeded. Now let us have good order and no shooting for the stray bullet might do harm as it did before.

The Idler.

NEWS OF WHITMIRE.

Sad Death of a Little Boy.—New Buildings Going Up.—Whitmire Climate Gives Health.

Whitmire, Nov. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coleman have returned from a ten days' stay in New York.

Miss Winnie Henderson, a charming young lady of Maybinton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. E. Abrams.

Mrs. J. E. Nunamaker and baby, of Columbia, after a pleasant visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Young, have returned to their home. Mr. George Young is spending some time with his sister, Mrs. J. E. Nunamaker, and taking in the State fair.

Dr. and Mrs. H. K. Boyd have returned from Columbia. They attended the circus which they say was fine, and saw the beginning of the fair, returning to Whitmire Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cofield are at home again. They spent several days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Rice at Carlisle and visited their son, George Cofield, at Mr. Epps Tucker's.

Mrs. Isom, of Greenville, left for home today. She has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Hipp.

Mrs. Maggie Buckner, and son, after a stay of almost a year with her mother, Mrs. Tidmarsh, have gone to their home in Colorado. Mrs. Buckner came here just from the hospital. A year of rest and the delightful climate of Whitmire restored her to perfect health.

Mr. David Duncan is having built a nice brick store joined to the handsome brick building already occupied by the Glenn-Lowry Co. and Cooper Co. Rumor says that in this new building Messrs. Tom and Alpheus Watson will conduct an up to date grocery store.

Miss Willie Rice visited her sister, Miss Frances Rice, Saturday and Sabbath.

Again death has entered our midst and taken from us Fay Moore, the bright, handsome boy of Dr. and Mrs. James Moore.

Fay was taken with gastritis on Sunday and died Thursday. He suffered intensely all the while. All that a fond father and mother and loving friends could do was done to alleviate the suffering and save the child but God called and the little fellow went to join the other brother and sisters who have crossed the river. Fay was a manly boy of about nine summers, much beloved by his playmates. How touching it was to see the little school-mates come, each with a handful of flowers to lay on the casket. This death is unusually sad because just a year ago these parents lost their oldest daughter. Every true heart in Whitmire is touched with sadness and sympathy.

Heavy Rain and Hail.

Whitmire was visited Saturday morning by a severe rain and hail storm. The rain began about half past seven and fell in torrents for nearly an hour. Hail fell with the rain all the time, many of the stones being very large. The ground was literally covered with it. In drifts it was four or five inches deep.

One day we are in the lap of summer, the next mother earth is wrapped in her mantle of white.

Perhaps President Wm. Taft, not being accustomed to our sunny Southern climate thought best to bring the winter with him.

Nita.

An Approach Shot.

The Golfer (to the clergyman he has just beaten at golf)—Never mind, old chap; you will get even with me when you read my burial service.

The Clergyman—That will still be your hole, sir.—Cleveland Leader.

TAFT DELIGHTED WITH HIS VISIT

SAW MUCH OF INTEREST IN COLUMBIA.

The People Pleased With Him, and Hope to See Mr. Taft Again.

Columbia State, 7th.

Not with pomp and circumstance, but with a genuine and democratic expression of sincere interest the people of South Carolina variously assembled in Columbia yesterday gave a Southern greeting to the president of the United States, William Howard Taft.

From the moment he alighted from the train until he again resumed his travel, Mr. Taft was impressed with the spirit of the people, and there were several incidents which evidently touched him. He spoke with great earnestness at the luncheon yesterday afternoon.

The city was decorated in great profusion, and this pleased the president. The orders and plans of the out to the letter, and this also pleased. But what seemed to cause him most happiness was the presence of the school children on the university campus, and the presence of the women in the balcony at the luncheon. This was indeed something new.

Mr. Taft appreciated the sentiment of the occasion, that this was an expression from the people of a great State and not an affair of a mere municipality, and he spoke with great pride of the fact that he was for the first time in all of his 24,000 miles of travel being entertained at table in a State capitol.

The president was escorted to the city yesterday by Gov. Ansel and Mr. Gonzales, who had gone to Charleston the evening before and after enjoying the dinner as members of the party at Mr. Taft's table, brought him on to Columbia.

Mr. Taft met many of the members of the dinner party when they assembled at the State capitol. The party was really a few minutes ahead of time and the luncheon was run on schedule time. In the meantime, the president had a great many members of the party presented to him and they were all delighted. He impressed all as being a man who can adapt himself to all conditions and situations.

In his swing around the city, the president saw a great many things which were to him unique and interesting. The Baptist church of secession fame was one of these. He seemed in a particularly receptive frame of mind and listened to all that was told him of conditions in this State. In fact, he seemed really to enjoy himself.

There were a good many features of the day and all were good, but one of the examples of patriotism was the conduct of the militia whose members were on duty all day long, and many of them at financial loss.

The Clemson cadets and the militia companies made a pretty picture of the State house yesterday when on guard duty.

And Columbia has had a president here for the first time since Washington, it is said. He was received cordially, though without fawning or affection. The American people seem everywhere to like the personality of the man.

President's Public Address.

President Taft was heard by thousands of South Carolinians at the fair grounds. He was introduced by Governor Ansel. The president said:

"Gov. Ansel, Citizens of South Carolina, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am a little bit embarrassed in addressing this audience because my anxiety is to reach those people in South Carolina that really have influence, and they are clear over on the seats. I do not like to separate those who think they are in command and those who are actually at the wheel.

"It is a great pleasure, my dear friends, to be here, and it is a great pleasure, at the capital of this State, to address such an audience, to meet the distinguished citizens of this

State, and in the names as they are pronounced to have recalled the great events in the history of the United States, in which their families and their ancestors have taken part. I do not wonder that Gov. Ansel says that this is the greatest State in the United States.

Great is South Carolina.

"Every South Carolinian not only ought to think so, but he inevitably does think so. Linked in a remarkable way with another State in the far north, Massachusetts, while they are distant from each other, they have played parts together and parts apart, in such a way that they are singled out from all the other States as a pair, and when you hear a Massachusetts man say that 'he comes from the greatest State in the Union you sympathize with him. And when you hear a South Carolinian say the same thing, you sympathize with him, and you understand both.

"Now this is an agricultural society. Unfortunately I am an urban product. I never could get votes by telling how I drove the plow. But one must be blind indeed to the progress of this country and to the proper understanding of real advance in civilization and in the great arts of peace who does not realize the supreme importance of agriculture and the immense strides that have taken place in its cultivation in the last two decades.

"Such organizations as this make for progress. A farmer to-day needs to know as much as a lawyer or a doctor or a minister in the way of scientific knowledge of the soils and how they are treated and of stock and breeding, and in addition to that he has to have practical sense, business sense, persistence and endurance, that sometimes we think lawyers can get along without. If I were advising young men who had no predilection in favor of any profession I should advise them to become farmers.

"I do not know but down here I ought to say planters. Perhaps that gives it an additional dignity. But I am inclined to think that the men that call themselves planters are ordinarily lawyers or doctors who do a little farming, and they don't improve the farming by the pursuit of the other profession.

"You—and if I had not known it ever since I entered the Southern belt, I should know it by your expressions of contentment—have cotton at from 14 to 15 cents. As I said down the road, I brought up from Charleston, and I think that is something, I brought both your senators and your governor in the same car, and I learned there what I had had a dim impression before, that my brother, Senator Smith, has a good deal to do with that 15-cent cotton.

"Now, down in—where was it, oh, in Macon—they had an arch with cotton bales and over the top—it must have been an Ohio man, I can not think it was a Georgian—had put the sign 'Taft and 15-cent Cotton, Prosperity.' Well, I am so innocent of having had anything to do with that, I withdraw, I waive my claim and yield to Senator Smith. I understand that you have a great crop of cotton, too. Now, don't make any admissions, of course, about that. I have talked with a good many farmers and when I ask what the percentage was, or whether it was equal to last year, there was a kind of a dim obscurity in his estimate, as if, at least I suspected that, perhaps I am wrong in it—that if it became known that the crop was large it might affect the price that those who are in Europe yearning for it would be willing to give for it.

"I had the benefit of the company of your two distinguished senators and the governor in coming from Charleston here, and they have attempted to explain to me the agriculture of your State, and the variations in it, and the great opportunity there would be, if we are going to water some dry land in the West by the expenditure of Uncle Sam's revenue, how we might get that water and drain it out of your land down near the coast.

"I am not prepared to say that either senator was convinced that your great constitutional lawyer and